Hello. My name is John Kent Thompson, and the intent of this letter is to inform and shed light on just how devestating the use of Neural Monitoring is in today's world. It is my experience, both personal and from what I have witnessed in the 15 years of research I conducted, that the harassment of individuals using “voices” as a means to modify or influence them to bring about behavioral change, does more damage than good overall. Not just to those “targeted”, but to those who initiate and carry out the various programs using this technology. For those under duress, confused as to what's going on, it can be a nightmare from which they cannot escape.

Those who tortured me used an around the clock barrage of degradation, taunting, and directed criticisms about my life in an effort to make me demoralized. They would go so far as to blame me for my mom's death, and make suggestions that I was currently causing others harm if I didn't do as they commanded. What's worse, was that it was quickly apparent that the multiple programs of derision I endured we're set up in such a manner that if I could somehow explain just how wrong they were in their assessments of me, that surely mistakes must have been made, the ordeal would shift into a different approach and storyline. With each party of monitors completely ignorant of any details of what had previously transpired.

It felt as if it were intended as punishment more than anything else. Occasionally, attempts were made to classify it “therapy” or a kind of “hazing”. There would be times each day where all of the focus would seem sympathetic. As if they had learned about what had befallen me, and were in the process of rectifying my situation. That an end was forthcoming. Going so far as to make claims that I was to be financially rewarded to a degree that my suffering would be justified.

OK. Here we go.

Now, it’s true, I did spend some time in California’s State Hospital System for being mentally “not all there”, back in 2015, until my release in 2018. But my sanity was restored in Fresno Superior Court on December 1st, 2022. And I assure you that what I have written, was done with a state of mind and clarity of thought that is beyond reproach and unimpeachable. It is testimony from the most sane, sober, intuitive, and perceptive vantage point I've ever been blessed to possess in my entire life. Over the past 630 or so days, I've been assessing the events of the past 15 years, I've been able to discern the right from wrong and fact from fiction, better than I ever have been able to do, in my entire 56 years of existence.

Here's what I'll be covering:

1. The neural monitoring I have been subjected to without my consent (informed, written, or otherwise) over the past 15 years:

In Fresno, CA, between 2012 and 2015. As well as since approximately June 13th, 2023 until this day. (for it remains, ongoing)

2. The “Seeding” And attempted influencing of, the so-called “dreams” (Known as “Targeted Dream Incubation”) I had while in semi lucid states of consciousness during the times I was incarcerated in: Fresno County Jail (2009, 2012, 2013-2015) and

Atascadero State Hospital, (2014)

So. Exactly what is:
“TARGETED DREAM INCUBATION” (Or “TDI”you ask?)
This is from MIT. Google “Targeted Dream Incubation”

It starts off interestingly enough with a whole bit about the “Dormio“ device. I think that, while quite possibly true… that such a unit may have been used initially. I know, personally from experience that one isn't necessary. (At least from my perspective)
It offers:
”During sleep onset, hypnagogia (a special state occurring in the transition from wakefulness to sleep) occurs. Sleep onset is characterized by a gradual, piece-by-piece descent into sleep, as opposed to a sudden, binary on/off switch from wakefulness to sleep which some people imagine occurs. In fact, there are nine separate substages of sleep onset. In the middle of this gradual transition from wakefulness to sleep, the brain maintains sensitivity to outside stimuli (for example, people can still hear sounds and smell scents in the space around them) even as the brain enters a more dream-like state, both in terms of physiology and mental experience.”

Cool, huh?
Well it continues…

“Once sleep onset is detected, a timer of a few minutes is started. At the end of the timer, an audio recording is played to ask the user for a dream report, bringing the wearer back into wakefulness briefly. We record everything the user says during their dream report, to avoid them forgetting a potentially useful idea. Following their dream report, the system then plays an audio cue, reminding the wearer to think of certain words (like "fork" or "rabbit"), with the aim of integrating the cued topic into their next set of dreams. The user then drifts back to sleep, with the cue in mind.
Editorial note, February 8, 2025. I think I should offer my personal method of dream collection and notation I did while incarcerated that resulted in the 363 page tome of remote viewing “Seens” that were the subjects used in the TDI I underwent. So, I'm on a jail house mattress. A pad measuring roughly 3 feet by… say 70 inches? Maybe a little shorter. And about 2 or 3 inches thick. (Although we would often “rape” an outgoing inmate’s pad for stuffing and dispose of the cover in the trash. Giving us an extra inch or so of stuffing and some additional comfort. That extra padding was everything considering we were on metal bunk beds.)
I would dream, perhaps 3 to 5 times during the night. But I would often exceed that. Sometimes upwards of 6 or 7 dreams a night.. Maybe even 8.
I often had additional dreams during an afternoon nap. My best recollection was when housed in the 12 man psychiatric cells. There, we adopted a more normal “day schedule”, sleeping at night and up for the majority of the day. That was opposed to the North Jail regimen, where the majority of inmates, and I'd venture to say that all of the Hispanic inmates, would stay up all night. Working out, doing laundry, making food “spreads”, playing cards, etc. Followed by everybody crashing out and sleeping much of the day.
So I would be on my mattress, and find myself emerging from the dream state. I'd fold back the corner of my mattress where I had sheets of jail “welfare” paper and pencils stashed and immediately jot down key words and phrases that indicated who was in the dream, where it was

set, as well as the general plot. Also of note is the fact that it was clear, early on, that the dreams were not natural produced by my subconscious. I mean how many times after dreaming have you gotten up and gone to the bathroom and then upon returning to your bed had the exact same dream. Or had a dream in which you would find yourself experiencing the ending of that dream over and over as if in a loop. Some dreams had background music behind the "seems". Some were offered in what could be best described as a musical montage. I often caught those who I refer to as monitors in my chronicle of events coaching me mid dream. Suggesting that an individual might be somebody else, or encouraging me to be more violent as I went through the dream. Some were what I took to be "game settings", as in the video or online context. Please note that the last games I played of that sword were in an arcade back in the 80s. Or perhaps an attempt here and there over at a friend's on their PlayStation 2. But I never excelled in this past time, always considering myself nothing more than a "button masher." There were cartoon scenes among the so-called dreams I had. There was even one time, where all I saw was a blank computer screen, with a green hue to it that had a box, or line reminiscent of a command prompt, flashing in the upper left hand corner. I even imagined that, at times, I wasn't even dreaming, I was just watching an old rerun of some tv show, while the monitors were out on a smoke break.

As I said, the notes I scribbled down were on jail "welfare paper." that's the thin rough paper that one used for their ABCs in elementary school I'm talking about. Saving my nicer notepad paper for the actual recording of dreams I did when I woke up. Sadly, none of those original notes remain. I did come across one or two pages of them in my paperwork when going through storage one time, but most were just tossed after writing the dreams out in full after deciphering the notes written upon them. And I'll admit that some of the final recording may have been based or erroneously written due to me transcribing a letter wrong from the original notes. An example would be perhaps when I wrote upon hearing my monitor's voice overplaying in my dream.. "he's a draw packer" or was that "straw packer" that I had noted. Or could I have heard Zelda when I wrote down Gelda in my notes?
Anyways, the next morning had me writing out the dreams on lined notepads that I acquired from the commissary, or received in the holiday gift packs my family would send. And that is what the photos I took are of. I took three or four different sets of photos in the fall of 2023. Capturing all of the 363 page record of the lucid events I had while incarcerated between December 9th, 2013 and the ending of said journal, February 23rd, 2015. All of that I have posted in a few different places at the Internet Archive (archive org) as well as the many postings on other sites, including some social media ones such as….. hmmm… I think they call it Facebook.
Now, you must understand, pencils were key. I would purchase the "welfare packs" off of inmates who were just there for a night or two, to get the paper and pencils for the cost of one soup. I hired inmates to sharpen pencils for me in exchange for soups, candy bars, butterscotch, or "shots" of coffee. (Measured by the lid from a jar of rooster hot sauce.) The trades getting me a plastic soap holder full of the invaluable sharpened pencils. The honing of which was accomplished by using the razors received in the welfare packs. The razors I acquired, incidentally, allowed me to shave every other day that year in jail.

In the morning, I set my notes and tools of writing out atop the concrete table, one of two in the pod. And over strong morning coffee/mochas would write out the “dreams”/”Remote Viewing Seens*” from the notes acquired over the night and morning sleep lucid states of consciousness.
*Not a spelling error. Just a word I'm using to describe these visions.

There are plenty of monitor interactions recorded in the journal. In March and April, 2014, there were upwards of 30 or 40 of such interactions noted for each. Direct questioning about what I had dreamt or saw… or attempts to steer the story in a different direction also occured.
n our laboratory testing, we have found that the cued words reliably entered the hypnagogic dreams of our users. The system continues to track the state (awake or asleep) of the user, repeating the process described above of waking them up after a few minutes of sleep to collect a dream report. This protocol is carried out repeatedly to guide dreams and collect

Please read this correspondence in it's entirety. Do not dismiss it as a joke or delusion of any kind. I am as sane as can be expected after 15 years of being fucked with mentally, which, while doing absolutely nothing to my “state of mind” had horrible effects upon my emotional well-being as well as my spiritual constitution. It was flat out torture, By individuals maintaining their anonymity, in hopes of escaping accountability and prosecution for their actions.

The reasons I have decided to contact you regarding this are serious. I will be alleging the manslaughter or negligent homicide of my Mom, Linda “Kay” Thompson which occurred 16 months following an arrest I had back in 2012. One that resulted in being removed as the one in charge of my Mom’s in-home care and manager of her support team. At the time,

I served in a “live-in” capacity and oversaw all aspects of her day to day routine. The scheduling of caregivers, transportation to medical appointments, errands, and what we had for meals. But most importantly, I was in charge of the complex, and at times, delicate administration of her prescriptions.

You must understand, I contend that I was “set-up” and framed. False, fabricated charges were alleged against me by members of the Fresno Police Department and an EMT employed by American Ambulance. That followed the enforcement of a restraining order, one filed by the neighbor directly next door to my Mother and I. at our home, located at 2685 West Silverhill Ln, in the Stonebridge Development, a gated community located in northwest Fresno, CA.
The houses at 2685 and 2793 West Silverhill Ln, Fresno, CA are a duplex. One. with a design layout that had the master bedrooms (as well as other living areas), sharing a common wall between our master bedroom suites.

Now, while the allegations I am about to make could possibly be attributed to some sort of mental illness…

I know damn well, that simply isn’t the truth. And that I have never suffered from what are commonly labeled (in error) as schizophrenic symptoms.

I've been through the State Hospital system, researched these topics thoroughly, and have gained knowledge and insight during the years I experienced this kind of treatment. Possibly considered as a type of Cognitive Behavioral Therapy, I have never agreed to.

My testimony will expose neural monitoring for what it is: An Illegal, unethical, sociopathic endeavor by entities, while unbeknownst to me, are surely based locally, and must be in contact with, if not under the auspices of the Fresno County Sheriff's Department and Fresno's Policing Districts. And. perhaps. by military and federal units such as the FBI, who have access to this kind of technology.

While true, I wasadmitted into the State Hospital system for roughly 3 ½ years for saying:

"Get your shit together"

to a member of local law enforcement personnel…

I had my sanity restored on December 1st, 2022, in Fresno County Superior Court.

I am no longer on any medications. Having, in late December, 2022, while in counsel with my psychiatric care provider House Psychiatric, PMNHP Wendy Brandon, gradually titrating off the Abilfy prescription I had been taking. And that was six months prior to what can be best described as, "interrogative voices", beginning to converse with me, again, for what was the 3rd time in 15 years.

A reality I've had to contend with, unwillingly, and without my consent (verbal, written, informed or otherwise) since 2009.

After an initial arrest, for which I served 6 months in the Fresno County Jail, I was arrested on December 8th. 2013. My Mom died January 10th, 2014, a mere 16 months after the initial arrest. The arrest itself, and the incarceration that resulted. never would have happened, had I not been incorrectly, and unjustly, "targeted" by members of the community. Prior to that day in October, my Mom had only been to a hospital once for her Parkinson's. But after I was "out of the way" she was hospitalized multiple times, and eventually died due to the substandard care and ineptitude of the private home she was placed in, and the complications that arose while hospitalized.

I'm also seeking charges for events occuring in late June, and early July, 2023. I'll allege what amounts to be an attempt on my life. Or at the least. a deliberate assault, by the monitoring parties at the time. While I prepared for a two-day road trip up to Washington State. A camping vacation, where I planned to finally grieve my Mom's death, at a "Dead and Company" show. The latest incarnation of my longtime favorite band, The Grateful Dead, at the Gorges Ampitheatre, in George, Washington.

For three weeks, I was, systematically, kept up around the clock. Attempts to sleep were sabotaged by an onslaught of interrogative audio, when I normally would have been resting. It

felt as if I was “zapped”, woken up in an effort to gain my attention for further interrogation and deprive me of sleep.* This left me weary and on edge for the long solo trip that I clearly stated as something I was goi g to do. Having purchased tickets and camping passes ahead of time, and coordinated the attendance of the shows with an old friend from New York.

*Of note, despite informing “those voices” hundreds times of that I had the upcoming trip, the torture continued non-stop. It was if the parties that appeared to rotate in and out of communication with me, shared no information they had learned about me, whatsoever. Any “progress” made between myself and those doing the “monitoring” would be lost in just a few minutes. And any comprehension of my ordeal, the torture I had been enduring, was not in the knowledge base of the next monitoring group. In my heart, it brought about a sorrowful view of the community within which I lived. For certainly, people wouldn’t be so callous and cruel, as to continue their harassment after what I shared during these “sessions”. (Kind of like 20 questions on steroids)

Once informed that the trip was to be one of remembrance and reflection, for the cherished memories I have of my Mom. A means with which I could finally come to terms with her death and move on with a life destroyed by the harrasment, monitoring, and torture of the past 12 years.

Now, regarding the two arrests I had.
The first, (the result of what happened during the violation of the restraining order placed on me in the home I rented with my Mom by our next door neighbor) was completely bogus on both accounts. I was charged with elder abuse, the arresting officer claiming I, “used my mother as a human shield and transferred pepper spray [they had used on me] to her”.

What actually happened was this:

1. The officer immediately opted to use pepper spray as a means of subduing me.
2. Upon discharging his weapon, (indoors, in the enclosed downstairs living area where we were situated), it quickly circulated through the air conditioning and into the adjacent room my mom was resting in.
3. I heard my Mom in distress and ran down the hall to her room to offer her assistance.
4. I was tased as I ran to her aid.
5. Then subsequently beaten and subdued.

Now I ask, “But why?”
I’m in my home. One located in a gated community with a guarded entrance and exit.
Just exactly, where would I “escape” to? The front door was right there… but no. I ran to my Mom’s assistance. Sure, I was, “on the other side of the bed” and I guess it could be construed I was using her to block the approaching officer(s)...
I'll note, however, that the whole time I was in the bedroom at my Mom’s side, I was pleading with the confronting officer. Telling him over and over, as I tried to make him understand the fact that:

1. I was only present at the house, in the duty of my Mom's care provision.
2. That not only was I her son and on the lease. But in charge of the management of care, as well.
3. Finally, that there must be some kind of mistake. After all, and at that moment, none of that mattered. She was clearly in distress from their use of the pepper spray, and in need of immediate medical attention.

The next part troubles me equally as what I just described. It involves what transpired after I was cuffed and thrown on my front lawn. As I just reported, I was pepper sprayed , tased, and beaten by the arresting officer(s). During my transit to Fresno Community Regional Hospital by American Ambulance, I began to feel the wounds on my face and some small particles of the pepper spray irritating my eyes again. (Most had been flushed out prior to being transported) I tried to touch these areas, see how bad my face was and rub my eyes, and I discovered that I was in "four point restraints", securely affixed to the gurney I was on. In response to this realization, it's true, I did struggle a bit. But I contend that any actual physical contact that may have occurred with the attending EMT was incidental. And clearly not worthy of an assault charge.

I plea bargained. Accepted the EMT assault charge. I did so in order for the elder abuse charge to be dropped, fearing I would be beaten or killed upon incarceration.
But that charge remained on my record, despite the fact that I was never tried, convicted, or any evidence regarding it was heard in court whatsoever.

While serving a six month sentence for the assault that never took place, I went into many unusually lucid states of consciousnous. I was dreaming, but I could hear introductions to the dreams, definition of plots, scenarios, who was in it… and almost immediately I came to the conclusion that "These are not my dreams".

Upon my release, in April of 2013, the voices returned. But I managed to "keep my cool", until I was arrested again in December, later that year. During that last incarceration, I took diligent notes of the nightly visits by those monitoring me, as they influenced and manipulated what I dreamt. A procedure defined by MIT, as "Targeted Dream Incubation."

I amassed over 360, handwritten pages between 12/10/13 and 2/23/15. In it I chronicle a variety of scenes and topics that I need to share with authorities who are situated to investigate, not just my ordeal, but what I think were "illegalities that I viewed", some of the "capital" variety, during the semi lucid states I experienced almost nightly. I believe that what I saw, are surveillance accounts of the activities carried out by private citizens, federal employees, and others who were participating in, what, are continually referred to, as some sort of underworld "game". The mentioning of which being, supposedly, taboo.

People shouldnt die, or be hurt like I have been, in any sort of game.

John Kent Thompson